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LIFE OF
Abraham Lincoln
IN VERSE

By **BENJ. J. GUNN**
Girard, Kansas



**Delivered by the Author at Lincoln's Tomb
the Thirtieth Anniversary of His Death**

SEVENTH EDITION

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ODD FELLOWSHIP.

By nature, by adoption, odd,
We own the Fatherhood of God;
Accepting in good faith this plan,
We hail the brotherhood of man;
From sea to sea, from gulf to lakes,
The good man and the true it takes,
It binds him with a deathless grip,
And he adores Odd Fellowship.

The sick to visit ev'ry day
And weekly benefits to pay
Are deeds for which our laws provide;
Our daily tasks are laid aside;
The bed of pain with care we guard,
The progress of disease retard;
We cool the brow, make moist the lip,
And practice thus Odd Fellowship.

Relieve the poor distressed we will,
And bid the troubled heart be still;
We turn away from needless sighs
And look by faith beyond the skies,
Where all Odd Fellows hope to go
When done with mundane scenes below;
Up there with Christ our Lord we'll sip,
And always hail Odd Fellowship.

The dead we bury 'neath the sod;
The soul is wafted to its God;
We stand beside the bier and sigh
That man is only born to die;
We there deposit evergreens—
Fair emblems of eternal scenes;
The wife returns from her sad trip,
And blesses still Odd Fellowship.

The orphans now we educate
And bring to an enlightened state;
We cite to them examples good
Of noble man and womanhood;
We tell them how the father died,
And how we stood the grave beside.
And of the mother's quiv'ring lip
And they adore Odd Fellowship.

For three score years and ten and four,
Upon Columbia's verdant shore,
From California unto Maine,
Odd Fellowship has known no wane;
Its history we hold most dear,
Its principles we cherish here;
We'll never break our order's grip,

Abraham Lincoln

By Benj. J. Gunn.

Kentucky is his native state,
And February twelve the date,
And eighteen hundred nine the year,
When Lincoln, born to parents dear,
First opened wide his baby eyes
And looked about with glad surprise
And filled his parents' hearts with joy.
Who blessed God for their baby boy.

At sev'n he left his native home,
And did to Indiana come;
Far different from movers now,
He walked behind and drove the cow.
They settled in a wilderness
Where he became soon motherless.
To Illinois the father moved,
Together with the son he loved.

Young Lincoln now was twenty-one,
His labors on the farm were done.
The lessons learned alone at night
When seated by the fire's dim light
Teach this important lesson still,
"There is a way where there's a will."
Without a teacher or a guide
He knowledge gained because he tried.

Flatboatman twice and clerk a year,
Began young Lincoln his career,
Not dreaming of his future great
When called to rule a mighty state.
He little knew the time would come
When he would suffer martyrdom
And, like our Lord on Calvary,
Yield up his life to make men free.

A captain in the Black Hawk war,
Where Davis, later Senator,
Was a lieutenant in the ranks
And won his country's sincere thanks,
He led a military life
Until the Indian's bloody knife
Was laid aside, and peace was come,
To bless the pioneer's new home.

When he had been two years a man
He for the legislature ran.
Two hundred eighty-four votes giv'n
In his own precinct—he lost sev'n;
Yet later in the same campaign
His favorite could not obtain
That vote; one hundred fifty-five
Above Clay Jackson did receive.

Defeated in his first campaign,
At twenty five he ran again.
And went two hundred votes ahead
Of the companions whom he led.
The youngest member there but one,
His talents were surpassed by none.
He stood a giant six feet four
Upon that legislative floor.

For eight years thus he served the state,
Retiring not until the date
Of eighteen hundred forty-three,
Then practiced law successfully.
In thirty-six was license giv'n,
To Springfield moved in thirty-sev'n,
In forty-two Miss Mary Todd
Was by Attorney Lincoln wooed.

In eighteen hundred forty-four
Was Mr. Lincoln called once more
To guide his party o'er the way
And carry Illinois for Clay.
Throughout her length and breadth he spoke,
But they could not beat James K. Polk,
Who did unto the White House go
And wage a war with Mexico.

As an elector then he ran.
In forty-six, to lead the van,
Again was Abraham called forth,
Because of his great moral worth.
He made for Congress a good race,
Beat Peter Cartwright for the place.
Of Whigs he was the only one
Sent from that state to Washington.

When Lincoln first to Congress went
He mingled with the prominent:
Calhoun, Bell. Benton, Douglas, King,
And Hamlin made the Senate ring,
While Daniel Webster in debate
Stood foremost of the fifty-eight;
All these were men of great renown
Whose names to us are handed down.

John Quincy Adams, who soon died,
And Caleb Smith stood side by side
With Stephens and with Robert Toombs,
Unmindful of their future dooms;
Jake Thompson, of the "Sunny South,"
And Richard Thompson in his youth,
With Andrew Johnson and with Cobb,
Made millions think and nations throb.

In eighteen hundred forty-nine
Resumed he private life again.
The famous compromise of Clay,
Whose eloquence could millions sway,
Disturbed not the serenity
Of Lincoln, who successfully
For many years before the war
Plead law before the Springfield bar.

The Kansas and Nebraska bill
By Douglas introduced did fill
The North with many protests loud;
Convention and convention vowed
That slav'ry should not further go,
Lest it should Freedom overthrow;
Still after fierce debate it passed,
Repealed all compromise at last.

Freed from the curse of slavery,
Designed to be forever free,
Far north of the dividing line,
Young Kansas bowed at Freedom's shrine;
Yet Douglas thought to auction slaves
Where Freedom's banner proudly waves;
Ambitious to be President,
To wrong his influence was lent.

These measures called our hero forth,
To aid his own belov-ed North
And slav'ry's onward march repel,
Contending man should never sell
His negro slave on Kansas plain,
Where people Freedom would maintain.
"The people of the South," said he,
"Shall not extend their slavery."

Now, Lincoln led the partisans
Who called themselves Republicans,
And met the "Little Giant" twice
In joint debate. As by a vise
Was Douglas held; and never more
In eighteen hundred fifty-four
Would he meet Lincoln in debate,
Who was an able advocate.

In eighteen hundred fifty-five
The people did to Lincoln give
Some five and forty ballots for
The honored place of Senator;
But Lyman Trumbull was the man
Who burst the Democratic plan
And to the Senate Chamber went,
There Freedom's cause to represent.

In eighteen hundred fifty-six
In politics did Lincoln mix.
And canvassed o'er the "prairie state"
In favor of his candidate,
John Charles Fremont, who almost won
The state. Ahead did Bissell run,
And was elected governor
Instead of his competitor.

In eighteen hundred fifty-eight
The most remarkable debate
The nations of the world had seen
Occurred in Illinois between
Judge Douglas, the firm partisan,
And Lincoln, the Republican;
The latter, tall and bony, met
The former, low and heavy set.

The Nation waited eagerly
To hear glad shouts of victory.
That grand old state of Illinois
Had many patriotic boys
Supporting Lincoln in that fight
And bravely battling for the right.
Yet others stood by Douglas then,
Unmindful of their fellow-men.

On June sixteen Abe Lincoln spoke
At Springfield, and the silence broke;
Judge Douglas July nine replied,
And at Chicago told his side;
There Lincoln the succeeding night
Continued bravely in the fight;
July sixteen at Bloomington
Judge Douglas greater laurels won;

At Springfield stood both men next night,
Continuing their gallant fight;
The people took an interest,
And it became soon manifest
That these two leaders must debate,
Each with the other o'er the state;
"The Battle of the Giants" soon
Began one summer afternoon.

At length on August twenty-one
At Ottawa was it begun;
At Freeport August twenty-sev'n
The second joint debate was giv'n;
And at Jonesboro then the third
September the fifteenth occurred,
The Charleston people farther north
September eighteen heard the fourth;

October sev'n the fifth took place
Before the Galesburg populace;
October thirteen Quincy met,
And listened to the sixth debate;
At Alton was the sev'nth and last
October fifteen. And thus passed
The great debate of fifty-eight
Between Judge Douglas and his mate.

The writer will not now devote
Sufficient time and space to quote
Each sentence uttered by each man
As he for Senator then ran.
For sixty minutes one would speak,
The other ninety minutes take,
The first would thirty minutes more,
In closing, occupy the floor.

Now Lincoln fought the great campaign
The cause of Freedom to maintain;
While slavery might never end,
Its blighting curse should not extend;
As he denounced all servitude
With prophecy he seemed endued;
"For this United States," said he,
"Can not exist half slave, half free."

He did not claim the negro race
Should occupy the white man's place;
But did contend he should be free,
Enjoying sweetest liberty;
"For in the negro's right to eat
The bread he earns by honest sweat
He is the equal of the white,
The Judge, myself, or proudest knight."

Now Lincoln asked Judge Douglas why,
When Kansas and Nebraska lie
North of the line in twenty made,
That compromise was not obeyed;
The North and South were then at peace,
But agitation did not cease;
For Douglas would the law repeal,
Regardless of his country's weal.

The Supreme Court had handed down
Decisions he would never own
To be the law the fathers gave
When first the Stars and Stripes did wave.
"We will the Court reverse," he said,
"And give the rightful law instead;
We will continue in this fight
Until this issue's settled right.

"Come, all ye sons of Illinois,
Oppose the serpent that destroys
The freeman's love of liberty
And substitutes foul slavery;
Let us our country's laws obey,
Yet to the Southern master say:
'You shall not bring your wretched slave
Outside the fifteen states you have.'"

Judge Douglas could not well reply
To arguments none could deny;
He was for Freedom's banner, too,
Yet often was compelled to do,
For sake of harmony and love
Of peace, what he did not approve;
He claimed that Lincoln's friends were bent
On breaking up the government.

In fact, he was unfortunate
Throughout the whole of that debate;
He hoped to be Executive
Ere he should three years longer live,
Yet was compelled oft to record
Expressions that the South abhorred,
In order that his Northern friend
Might stand by him until the end.

At length the great discussion closed,
And people commonly supposed
That Douglas soon would be returned
As Senator; but they soon learned
That gallant Lincoln had achieved
A triumph great, and had received
Above three thousand ballots more
Than Douglas, the great orator.

The legislative districts were
Established so as to confer
Advantage where there should be none;
So Douglas went to Washington
Against the wishes of his state,
Which chose the other candidate.
Though beaten, it was no defeat
That Lincoln was compelled to meet,

In eighteen hundred fifty-nine
Within Ohio's border line
Judge Douglas did his very best;
And his opponents sent out West,
Requesting Abraham to come,
And help avert their pending doom;
So Lincoln made two speeches great
To people of the "buckeye state."

When eighteen hundred sixty came
The Yankee schoolboy Lincoln's name,
Synonymous with liberty,
Would often shout aloud in glee;
And Lincoln could not then withstand
New England people's great demand
For speakers in their spring campaign,
But soon was on the stump again.

Upon New Hampshire's granite hills,
Beside the Massachusetts mills,
Beneath Connecticut's green trees,
Before Rhode Island's balmy breeze,
Among the rugged pines of Maine,
Amid Vermont's fast sprouting grain,
And at the city of New York
Brave Lincoln did effective work.

On February twenty-sev'n
At Cooper Institute was giv'n
The last of Lincoln's speeches great:
"The South would have us educate
Our children that the North is wrong;
But while the freeman has a tongue,
Let us believe that right makes might
And stand forever for the right."

The great convention of that year
Did at Chicago soon appear;
And there assembled May sixteen
Four hundred four and sixty men,
To nominate a candidate;
And all the people did await
The action of that gallant band,
That did for Freedom firmly stand.

The eighteenth of the month of May
The candidates were in array;
The friends of Seward of New York
And Lincoln's friends did noble work,
Like Dayton, proud New Jersey's son,
And Pennsylvania's Cameron,
Missouri's famous Edward Bates,
McLean and Chase, Ohio's mates.

On the first ballot Seward notes
One hundred three and sev'nty votes,
While Lincoln got twice fifty-one,
And fifty went for Cameron;
Just nine and forty favored Chase,
With Bates one fewer in the race;
Fourteen for Dayton, and McLean
Had twelve; then scattered were sixteen.

The second ballot, being o'er,
Showed Seward with one eighty-four;
One eighty-one did Lincoln show,
And Chase received but forty-two;
While Edward Bates got five times sev'n,
But ten votes were to Dayton giv'n,
McLean got eight, and four votes then
Were cast for other noted men.

On the third ballot and the last
Twice ninety were for Seward cast;
While twenty-four to Chase were giv'n,
Did Mr. Bates get twice elev'n;
Now Lincoln had two thirty-one
When all the voting had been done;
The sev'n remaining delegates
Supported other candidates.

At length four gallant "buckeye" boys
To Abraham of Illinois
Transferred their votes; two thirty-five
Did Mr. Lincoln then receive.
Wild shouts of joy then cleft the air
And Lincoln's name was ev'rywhere;
'Twas certain each Republican
Would be content with such a man.

Then for Vice President was ta'en
H. Hamlin, of the state of Maine.
Last letters three of Abraham
With the first three of his last name
Together do the surname trace
Of him who ran for second place;
No case can be found similar
Upon the Nation's calendar.

The Democrats could not unite
So as to make a gallant fight,
But named three diff'rent candidates,
To govern the United States;
Nor did their principles agree
As to the rights of slavery.
The writer now will give, in main,
The issues of that great campaign.

Now Lincoln held that slavery
Is wrong, but must protected be
Where it then was; still servitude
From Freedom's home would he exclude;
Our territories, one and all,
Should never hear the slaver's call;
That neither Congress nor the Court
Into free states could slaves import.

Then Breckenridge held slav'ry right,
Which, when transplanted to a site
Where people Freedom did enjoy,
The Congress never could destroy,
And Courts had no right to impair,
But must protect it ev'rywhere;
For slaves were simply property
That should remain in slavery.

Judge Douglas held that, wrong or right,
The territory people white
Alone had power to decide
The laws by which they would abide;
The Constitution and the Court
Should always be the last resort;
No others had the right to say
That slav'ry should or should not stay.

Bell, of the state of Tennessee,
Could not with the above agree:
"The Constitution of the land,
The Union of the states so grand,
Enforcement of the laws we own;"
He held these principles alone,
And would no others then indorse,
Imploring men to take his course.

The great campaign had scarce begun
Until it seemed to ev'ry one
That Lincoln from the very start
Stood nearest to the Nation's heart.
The South would no election heed.
But threatened quickly to secede,
And take the sword's arbitrament,
If Lincoln should be President.

Now when the great election came
The name of honest Abraham
Was heralded the country o'er
From Northern lakes to Southern shore
As the successful candidate.
The Southern leaders would not wait
Till the succeeding March the fourth
To leave the then detested North.

Now when the then electors met
Twice ninety votes did Lincoln get,
And Breckenridge thrice twenty-four,
With twelve for Douglas, and no more;
John Bell received three-times thirteen.
Ere many months did intervene
Brave Lincoln left his Western home,
And journeyed eastward to his doom.

At many cities on the route
Good Lincoln kindly did salute
The gathered throngs, yet from his mouth
Fell only kind words for the South.
He safely passed through Baltimore,
Where threats of murder theretofore,
Were made against the man whose soul
With kindness for the South was full.

He reached the city in the night,
And did his many friends delight.
Inaugurated President
Of an imperiled government,
He held the olive branch of peace
In his inaugural address,
And bade the Southern people yield
Without a bloody battle field.

Of that sublime address each word
The Southern people should have heard;
They should have hearkened to that man
Before the Civil war began;
He did not their rash course approve,
Yet uttered words of truth and love;
Since Christ salvation did impart
Than Lincoln's was no kinder heart.

"I have no purpose," uttered he,
"To interfere with slavery;
The Constitution gives no right
To take the black man from the white;
This Union is perpetual,
And execute its laws I shall;
I will this government defend,
And crush resistance in the end;

"Secession is but anarchy;
You can not leave us peaceably;
The states we can not separate,
Nor build a wall between them great;
Can aliens treaties make as well
As friends make laws by which to dwell?
Preserve the government I must,
And not betray my sacred trust;

"The government will not assault
The South, but yours will be the fault,
If war is forced upon this land;
I shall soon, with uplifted hand,
Swear to preserve, perfect, defend
The Constitution to the end;
You have not registered an oath
In Heav'n, to violate your troth;

"My friends, I still am loath to close;
I call you friends; I have no foes;
We enemies must never be;
O let us live in harmony;
Let us recall the Nation's braves,
And still defend their honored graves;
Let us avoid a civil war,
And from our flag erase no star."

How that great, just, and kindly brain
When twilight had begun to wane,
With his abiding faith in God,
Must have petitioned as he trod
The White House floor that awful night
That God would ever guide him right!
What awful tears of agony
He must have shed from sympathy.

Composing Lincoln's cabinet,
Which will be written here complete,
Were Seward, Bates, and Cameron,
And Chase, who had against him run
In the convention; Smith, and Blair,
And Mr. Welles were also there;
The Senate did these men confirm
For Lincoln's Presidential term.

The South had seized the Southern forts,
The navy cruised in foreign ports,
The army was at points remote;
The Nation money was without;
With scattered army, credit gone,
And arsenals all seized upon,
It was indeed a trying hour
When Lincoln came to place and pow'r.

Impatient stood the Nation now
With throbbing heart and frowner brow;
Each section thought the other dare
Not proclamation make of war;
The Southern leaders even stood,
Still hesitating to shed blood;
Far better had it been for them,
Had they heard "Father Abraham."

The threatened danger came at last;
The war was come, the die was cast;
All hope of compromise was o'er;
On Friday morn, at half-past four,
On April twelve, in sixty-one,
The great rebellion was begun
When Ruffin of Virginia fired
On Sumter, as the South desired.

This unified the people North;
And when on Monday issued forth
A call from Lincoln's faithful pen
For five and sev'nty thousand men,
Three hundred thousand volunteered,
And to the Union cause adhered;
They left the bench, the forge, the plow,
To battle for their country now.

The Northern women, too, were brave,
And to their sons and husbands gave
Increased courage to go South,
And face the belching cannon's mouth;
They bade their best belov-ed go,
To die the death that soldiers know.
The woman was the conquerer.
God bless the women of the war!

The writer will not herein trace
Each march and battle that took place
Beneath the lofty Southern pines.
Ten thousand times ten thousand lines
Would not tell one ten-thousandth part
Of how the President's great heart
Beat with sincerest sympathy
For those who fought so manfully.

Some Massachusetts volunteers
In Baltimore with Southern jeers
Were greeted by the populace
On April nineteen. At that place
Was shed the first of human blood
With which the country later flowed.
With passions pitched to greatest height,
Men then demanded bitter fight.

The Congress met on July four,
And viewed the situation o'er;
It voted soldiers and supplies,
And soon began to realize
Against domestic foes they fought,
Whose yielding would be dearly bought,
They had to shed a brother's blood
When at the battle's front they stood.

From Lincoln's purpose to preserve
The government he did not swerve.
Requested to emancipate
The Southern slaves, he chose to wait
Until a stern necessity
Made it a means of victory.
He favored manumission slow
Till all the slaves should Freedom know.

A message he to Congress sent,
Suggesting that the government
Request the masters all to give
To slaves their freedom, and receive
A compensation adequate.
He urged the Congress not to wait
So very long before it passed
That offer of importance vast.

"If border states will but comply
With such suggestion, soon will die
The oligarchy of the South,
That interferes with Freedom's growth;
The cost of war is growing fast,
And if it shall much longer last,
The money spent will greater be
Than that required the slaves to free.

"Not only that, but gallant braves,
Both North and South, in soldiers' graves
Are being by the thousands placed;
The land is desolate and waste;
To stop the further flow of blood
Will be an action great and good."
The Congress heeded his advice,
And passed the measure in a trice.

The South rejected Lincoln's plan
And spurned the counsels of the man
Whose words it had done well to heed.
Had the unhappy slaves been freed
As prayed for by the President,
Then had the periled government
Been rescued from war's misery;
But such results were not to be.

The battle of Antietam came,
And then determined Abraham
That if McClellan conquered Lee,
He would at once declare slaves free.
Upon the soil of Maryland
Did these contending armies stand,
And fight as only brave men can,
And die as dies the valiant man.

McClellan's boys fought well that day,
And drove the Southern hosts away;
Lee could not then the North invade,
And hostile cities cannonade.
At length September twenty-two
A proclamation Lincoln drew,
Emancipating ev'ry black,
Unless their masters would come back.

"On January one," said he,
"I will set ev'ry negro free
Within each now rebellious state,
Unless you shall before that date
Lay down your arms, return to peace,
And let this bloody struggle cease;
But if by January one
You come back, it shall not be done."

The first of January came,
And Abraham in Freedom's name
Did then the slave emancipate,
And an immortal fame create;
For when the things of earth are o'er
And all have reached that golden shore
And shout the praises of the King,
They will of noble Lincoln sing.

The soldiers read the document
That Lincoln wrote; and then was rent
The air with shouts of liberty,
Of Lincoln, and of victory.
The armies of the Southland heard
The message that they deemed absurd,
And yet they knew it did portend
Destruction to them in the end.

In June, with eighty thousand men,
Did Robert Lee start North again;
Across the state of Maryland
Uninterrupted went that band
Of Southern soldiers to invade
The Northland; but its course was stayed
The first day of the month July
Beneath the Pennsylvania sky.

At Gettysburg three days they fought,
But in the end accomplished naught;
The flower of Lee's army fell
Before the Union shot and shell,
And ere he did Potomac cross
Full forty thousand was his loss;
Effective was the bloody check
That left Lee's army such a wreck.

To this historic battle field,
Where Southrons were compelled to yield
To Northern valor, Lincoln went
November nineteen, to lament
The fallen dead, and dedicate
A hallowed spot upon that date.
Of his address did Logan write,
"It should be learn'd by schoolboy bright."

"Back four score years and seven more
Our fathers brought forth on this shore
A nation new, in liberty
Conceived, and dedicated free
Unto the proposition plain,
Created equal are all men.
In a great civil war are we
Engaged now, testing bravery,

"To see if any nation planned
And dedicated so can stand.
We're met on a great battle plain
Of that war. Here we've come, and fain
Would we a portion dedicate
Of that field as a final plat
And resting place for those who gave
Their lives here to the Nation save.

"It altogether fitting is
And proper that we should do this.
But in a larger sense can we
Not dedicate this ground," said he,
"Nor hallow it, nor consecrate.
The dead and living brave men great
Who struggled here have done that act
Above our pow'r to add, detract.

"The world will little note, nor long
Remember what we say with tongue;
But it can never quite forget
What they did here, nor whom they met,
It is for us, the living men,
To dedicated be again
To the unfinished work which they
Who fought here have until today.

"Advanced so nobly. 'Tis for us
To be here dedicated thus
To the great task remaining still;
Take from these honored dead we will
Increased devotion to that cause
For which they gave, without a pause,
Last measure of devotion full;
That highly we resolve and rule,

"These dead shall not have died in vain;
This Nation, under God, again
Shall have a birth of Freedom o'er;
That government of, by, and for
The people shall not perish off
The earth." Then having said enough,
More eloquent than ancient Greek,
Did Mr. Lincoln cease to speak.

In eighteen hundred sixty-four
The delegates at Baltimore
Did Mr. Lincoln nominate
To be again the candidate;
And slav'ry's extirpation then
Demanded all those gallant men,
And that the war continue on
Until the victory was won.

The Democrats met, and proclaimed
The war a failure; and then named
As candidate McClellan, who
Denounced the platform that they drew.
Between such issues none could doubt
That Lincoln would McClellan rout.
The eighth day of November came,
And people stood by Abraham.

New Jersey, also Delaware,
Did with Kentucky state declare
A Democratic preference;
But Lincoln had the confidence
Of all the Northern people, who
Elected him and Johnson, too.
Two hundred twelve electors for
And twenty-one against them were.

On the succeeding March the fourth
It was believed that soon the North
Would ring with shouts of victory
For triumphs of a state made free,
When valiant hosts would proudly come
In peace unto the Northern home;
So on inauguration day
These blessed words did Lincoln say:

"With malice toward none, for all
Sweet charity," these words did fall;
"With firmness in the right," said he,
"As God gives us the right to see,
Let us strive on to finish now
The work we're in, renew our vow,
Bind up the Nation's wounds, and care
For him who faced the battle's glare.

"His widow and his orphan, too;
And further, let us strive to do
All which may cherish and achieve
A just and lasting peace, to live
Among ourselves and nations all."
These words from Lincoln's lips did fall.
Thus closed that eloquent address
Designed to future ages bless.

Ere forty days had come and gone
The battles of the war were won;
The Southern chieftain sheathed his sword,
Obeyed the "silent soldier's" word;
The South was overcome at last,
But four long years of war had passed;
The President had lived to hear
The Federals' triumphant cheer.

Excessive happiness and joy
Made Lincoln seem almost a boy;
His heart was light, his care-worn face
Beamed forth with rays of perfect peace.
While he enjoyed apparent youth,
A villian known as John Wilkes Booth,
With others, planned to Lincoln kill,
And all the land with mourning fill.

The day of murder did arrive—
'Twas April fourteen, sixty-five,
The President and cabinet
With U. S. Grant at high twelve met,
That they officially might learn
From Grant's own lips the sweet return
Of peace; and later in the day
Did he to Mrs. Lincoln say:

“Four years of war, four now of peace,
And then my public life will cease;
We'll go back to our home out West,
And pass our days in quiet rest.”
That fatal night the President
By invitation kindly went
To Ford's theater, where he met
At half-past ten o'clock his fate.

Assassinated in the rear,
The ball struck just behind the ear
And penetrated to the brain.
The coward did not long remain,
But said, “To tyrants be it so,
The South's avenged;” then turned to go.
The writer was two months of age
The day Booth leaped thus from that stage.

Booth fled, but was by Laura Keene
As he escaped distinctly seen.
Avengers being on his track,
The murderer was soon brought back
A riddled corpse to Washington.
His fate was far too good a one
For dastard villians such as he;
His body was sunk in the sea.

The weary vigils of that night
In silence passed. The morning light
Broke in upon a manly form
That human blood no more would warm;
The heart that beat within the breast
Was then forever more at rest;
Unconscious was the form, for Death
Had come and borne away the breath.

Would that each reader could have been
Permitted to behold that scene:
The woman whom he loved in life,
His fond, devoted, weeping wife;
The statesman with a tearful eye;
And other mourners standing by;
All realized that God had come,
And borne the liberator home.

The news, the President was dead,
Throughout the Nation swiftly spread.
From Maine to far-off Washington
All knew the horrid deed was done,
And could but indignation feel
For cowards who would softly steal
Behind an unsuspecting man,
And send a bullet to his brain.

Away from the Potomac grand,
Across the state of Maryland
The Pennsylvania streams along,
Ohio's lofty beech among,
On past the Indiana boys,
Into the state of Illinois
The funeral procession went,
To bear a murdered President.

Back to the place from whence he came
Thus went the martyred Abraham;
Vast multitudes at ev'ry place
Were anxious to behold his face;
And thousands, sobbing, turned away
From Lincoln's bier that April day,
His death as keenly felt as though
One of their own was laid as low.

The mansion where he used to dwell,
That Springfield home he loved so well,
Would never more reverberate
With stories he would oft relate;
The people on the busy street
His well-known form no more would meet;
Attorneys and the court in vain
Would search for any greater brain.

At Oak Ridge near his Springfield home
His body to the open tomb,
With thousands there to weep and mourn,
By gentle hands was kindly borne;
The silent city of the dead
Would henceforth be his lonely bed;
The last sad rites then being done,
The mourners left him all alone.

Alone—away from cruel wars;
Alone—beneath the Northern stars;
Alone—with dew to kiss his grave;
Alone—with Stars and Stripes to wave;
Alone—enjoying peace and rest;
Alone—'mid prairies of the West;
Alone—upon his coffin bed;
Alone—alone—among the dead.

A monument of marble white
About one hundred feet in height,
With beautiful and costly base,
Now marks his final resting place.
A life-size statue of him stands,
And looks away to Southern lands,
And holds the image of the pen
With which he freed his fellow-men.

"Tis said the marble crumbles now,
And that the shaft will be brought low
Well, let it crumble to the dust
And be forgotten, if it must;
Then raise a simple, polished stone,
Engrave the martyr's name thereon;
For Lincoln's monument depends
Not on the action of his friends.

His name is written in that Book
Within which only angels look;
To him it has been said, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful, honored son;"
Untimely was his tragic death;
But when he drew his final breath
And paid the debt to Nature owed
His soul went straight up to its God.

Now all of Lincoln's deeds are done;
For him the golden crown is won;
Let us who read of him today
Endeavor to keep in the way
That leads to rest and perfect peace
Where trials and temptations cease;
Then at the end of life we'll meet
Brave Lincoln on the golden street.

The reader would deem incomplete
A story that did not relate
Some of the tales about him told;
For quite peculiar was his mold.
An orator has aptly said
That no ancestors Lincoln had,
No fellows, and successors none;
He was no type; he stood alone.

When asked to recognize the right
Of Mr. Davis to indite
A treaty, and as argument
King Charles was named as precedent,
To Seward were the men referred,
As he could tell what then occurred,
"I am reminded," Lincoln said,
"That Charles the First there lost his head."

One day before Ben Butler's corps
Did Lincoln ride six miles or more;
Three hundred yards away, the foe
Could easily have laid him low;
But Lincoln did to Butler say,
"It will not do for me today,
The General-in-Chief of all,
To seem afraid of rebel ball."

A man with age and sorrow bent
One day approached the President,
And asked a pardon for his son;
The case was heard, the thing was done;
Said Lincoln: "If your son dies not
Until by 'further orders' shot,
My friend, you need have no more fears,
He will exceed Methus'lah's years."

A Southern widow with kind soul
Asked Mr. Stanton to parole
And give her back her only son,
But Stanton said 'twould not be done;
The woman sadly turned away,
But Lincoln did unto her say:
"We'll give you back your wayward boy,
And fill your loyal heart with joy."

One day a husband and his wife
Asked him to spare her father's life;
So sadly did she tell the tale
She did with Lincoln soon prevail;
For his was a kind, tender heart,
And sorrow made the tear drops start;
He ordered the old man's release,
And bade him journey home in peace.

But years have come and sped away
Since that eventful April day;
For thirty years today have passed
Since martyred Lincoln breathed his last,
While statesmen true stood round his bed,
And bitter tears of grief did shed
For him whose noble soul had gone
Where pain and sorrow are unknown.

The pages of our hist'ry turn,
And then once and forever learn
That on our country's roll of fame
The brightest page is Lincoln's name;
When into war the State was thrust,
And our proud banner trailed in dust,
The South was eager for the strife,
And strove to crush the Nation's life,

This gallant son of Illinois
Stood true, and called on Union boys,
Who left their homes, so young and brave,
To fill, perchance, a lonely grave
Beneath a distant Southern sun,
Remembered and caressed by none,
That from our flag not e'en one star
Be plucked to deck the Southern bar.

How sad for us to contemplate
The President's then coming fate!
For when the cruel war was done
There still remained a hellish one,
Detested by both South and North,
And, by incarnate fiends sent forth,
He slew our well beloved chief,
And plunged a Nation deep in grief.

Near Springfield his remains now rest,
While South, and North, and East, and West.
All honor Lincoln, whose great soul
With purest love was ever full.
The months and years still come and go,
But man will never fully know
The pain he felt, acute, severe,
Until eternity is here.

WHEN WILL ODD FELLOWSHIP DIE?

When the lion eats grass like an ox,
And the fishworm swallows the whale;
When terrapins knit woolen socks,
And the hare is outrun by the snail;

When serpents walk upright like men,
And doodle bugs travel like frogs;
When grasshoppers feed on the hen,
And feathers are found upon hogs;

When tom cats swim in the air,
And elephants roost upon trees;
When insects in summer are rare,
And snuff never makes people sneeze;

When fish creep over dry land,
And mules upon bicycles ride;
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,
And women in dress take no pride;

When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,
And girls take to preaching in time;
When the billy goat butts from the rear.
And treason's no longer a crime;

When the humming bird brays like an ass,
And limburger smells like cologne;
When plowshares are made out of glass,
And the heart of an Odd Fellow is stone;

When ideas grow in a jackass's head,
And wool on the hydraulic ram,
Then Odd Fellowship will be dead,
And the country won't be worth a damn.

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